



After the wings are pinned down in the

proper position it is a good plan to lay

strips of paper over them to hold them

straight, and after these strips are pinned down remove the pins in the wings, for if the pins are left in the wings until they are

dry the holes they have made will be easily

After a very little practice this work is

readily done and no little taste and skill

can be shown in arranging the wings to

display the full beauty of the specimen. After the wings are thoroughly dry, which

takes from three to four days to a week, the insects are ready to be placed in the

A good and serviceable storage case can

e made from an old shirt box. When the

specimen is placed in the collection case it

is a good plan to write the date and locality of capture and pin this below it, thereby

DROLL DOLLS.

MARIE EULALIE MORAN.

This collection of droll dolls is just the

thing to use as a side show to the circuses,

bazars and other entertainments that are so

popular with the children during vacation.

None of them are intricate in their con-

struction, nor do they call for expensive

materials. Making these queer folk will be

found a fascinating employment for rainy

days. The work may be divided up among

a group of little friends, the clever seam-

stress cutting and making the clothes, the

child skillful with the brush painting the

First on the list of dolls comes Miss Polly

empty wooden spool. Choose a pipe that

has a nice little point where the bowl and

Miss Polly Piper.

She may be dressed in crepe paper or fab-

ric, and her costume consists of a ruffled

white cap, a full gathered skirt, plain waist,

batting. Cut a strip six inches wide and twelve inches long, from a sheet of batting;

roll it up neatly into a roll six inches long.

This is little Goody's foundation. Wind

white cotton around this roll about an inch

from the top, to make a head. Sew two lit-

tel beads on for eyes, and put in the mouth,

nostrils and eyebrows with stitches of fine

raveled-out yellow worsted. Sew two folded strips to the shoulders for arms, and she is

all ready to dress. Run up a cotton batting

skirt four inches long, and button hole the

Little Goody Two Shoes.

bottom around with blue worsted. Fasten

it securely on the body with a draw string,

then cut a yoke an inch deep, work with blue and sew on as a finish. This yoke, of course, fits up around the neck. Next cut a

semi-circle of batting, six inches across, button-hole around with blue, gather it at

the neck and tie. The peaked Brownie hood is three inches higher at the back; this forms the point. Work it with worsted and

run strings at the bottom. Fluff out the hair about the face and tie on the little hood.

All Goody needs now is her muff. Roll up a piece of batting two inches wide, work

with blue and suspend by a strand of worsted from her neck, then tuck in the lit-

tle arms, and take a stitch through them to

the muff and fasten off by tying the thread

in a bow.

Next week you shall hear how to make

Tomorrow and Yesterday.

Two sisters met in the darkness,,

Tomorrow and Yesterday.

One clasped the hand of the other,

And softly was heard to say:

There's nothing left to regret;

But that to some I brought sorrow, Fills me with sadness yet."

Sweet was the smile of Tomorrow,

Gently, so gently, she spake,

Fear not, fear not, little sister,

Happiness for them I'll make. Then in the darkness they parted,

Away from the earth one traveled.

Tomorrow and Yesterday;

Sweet are the moments now passing,

Brownies and Chinese dolls.

worsted. Make a bang and side locks of

Little Goody Two Shoes is made of cotton

cape and reticule.

adding value to the collection.

"Dear Children: Your letters are begin- | plain, and thus avoiding danger of tearing. ping to reach me, and they are very welcome. I find you are interested in nature stories, so let me repeat to you a pretty fern story that I have just received. Perhaps, after reading it, you will be tempted to go to the woods or fields and look for some of the interesting brown dats and the tiny plants growing close to the ground around the ferns you may find. If any of you should make such a search I shall be glad to hear of your experiences.

About Ferns.

The ferns have the strangest life story. What would you think if you planted a bean and there came up, not a bean plant, but a curious little plant, looking not in the least like its mother? Yet something like this really happens

In the fern's life. Its immediate offspring do not resemble it the slightest. In fact, I doubt if the fern recognizes its own chil-There are two great groups of plants-

those which bear flowers and those which bear none. The fern belongs to the latter-the flowerless group. When you are out in the woods these

summer days look on the under side of the fern fronds and see if you do not find there some small brown dots. Perhaps you have found them on your own ferns in the garden and thought they were something in-jurious to the fern. Perhaps you have spent hours in carefully scraping them off. No? Well, I am glad you know better, but I have seen some foolish people doing that

Those brown dots are fruit dots. From them there falls to the ground a brown dust, each little particle of dust being what Piper. She calls for but a clay pipe and an we call a spore. Each tiny spore grows up into a little flat green plant that lies close to the ground. Look closely at the ground around your ferns a week or so after you have seen the fruit dots on the fronds. You will find it is carpeted with a pretty green growth that looks somewhat like moss. but is really a great crowd of the fern's children; each one grows from a spore. Each child is called a prothallium (which

means the plant that comes before). If you watch still longer you will find from each prothallium there springs a new fern-a real fern plant, very small at first, with but one frond, but steadily growing larger and more like its grandmother fern. As it grows its mother, the prothallium, slowly dies away and finally disappears.

So you see what it is that is so curious in the family history of the fern. First there comes the fern; then her many children, which are wholly unlike her; ther her grandchildren, which are the exact image of her; next her great-grandchildren, which are prothallia again, and their children, which are ferns, and so on, ad in-

Does any one want to know more about ferns? See the beautiful illustrations of some of them (Figs. A and B) and turn to page 204 of First Studies of Plant Life, by George Francis Atkinson, Ph.D., of Cornell George Francis Atkinson, Ph.D., of Cornell University. You will probably find the book In the children's section of the free library. "The Life Story of Ferns" it is called, and it is wonderfully interesting. If you cannot find the book, let me know and I'll tell you the rest of the story in one of my letters, as this one is already beyond our limit. We must keep room for some other good things. Yours sincerely, AUNT DOROTHY.

BUTTERFLY COLLECTING.

Hints for Boys Who Would Like to Try Their Hand at It.

Butterflies, because of their conspicuousmess and beauty and their occurrence almost everywhere, furnish attractive and Teady means for studying the many curious ways in which nature provides for her creatures, says the New York Sun. Collecting butterfiles is an interesting

pursuit, especially for boys in the country on vacation, and, besides, may become a profitable pastime. The most ordinary collections often sell for fair prices, while those more elaborate, especially if they follow out some scheme, as a collection to indicate sleeping or feeding habits, or representing the varying daily or seasonal pe-cultarities of the insects, will be very valuable, often running up in the thousands of The apparatus necessary for collecting

and arranging these winged beauties is simple. The first thing is the means of cap-

Capturing is done by means of a net which can be made from a small hoop at-tached to the end of an old broom handle. The body of the net is made of mosquito netting and should be about two feet deep if the hoop is a foot in diameter.

With a little practice one can become skillful in handling the net and catch but terflies rapidly and without in any way injuring their delicate wings. In approaching the insect it is well to wait until it has alighted, and to bring the net close to it as slowly as possible, and keep it near the ground and out of sight. When very close to the prey a sudden stroke, followed by a quick backward movement, will bag the butterfly and fold the net over so that I cannot escape.

Never touch the wings with the fingers in removing the insect. Carefully insert the killing bottle and allow the butterfly to flutter into the bottle and the insertion of the cork will hold it a prisoner.

killing bottle should be a mouthed bottle into which the butterfly can pass without injury to the wings. In the bottom should be placed securely by means of shellac a small piece of cotton which is wet with benzine or common gaso-

The vapors from these substances produce an easy and painiess stupor ending in death. Do not be hasty in removing the butterfly

after he has gone to sleep, because the fresh air often revives it. After the insects are captured and killed they are already to be pinned and set. For pinning always use insect pins, which are much thinner than common pins, and will

not rust. They cost 5 cents a hundred.

A butterfly should be pinned through the middle of the therax, and in such way that the body is at right angles to the pin. The thorax is between the head and the point where the wings join the body. After the insect is properly pinned, it is ready for setting, and for this process a

setting board is necessary. The setting board is a plain, flat board with numbers of holes large enough to take the head of the

The insect is laid on the board back down, with the head of the pin in the hole. The wings are then spread and pinned down to the board in such a way as to show all that is possible of their surface. The fore wings should be pulled forward to far that their hind edges may be in the same straight line, and the hind wings brought to such a position as to leave about the same gap next to the body as to the fact wings. In pulling these wings forfront wings. In pulling these wings for-ward a pin may be used, inserting it just behind the strong vein or rib, which is

(Copyright, 1902.) CHAPTER IV.

THE ENCHANTED FIREPLACE.

By CAPT. THOMAS WILSON, U. S. A.

'I can't get them up, I can't get them up to guard mount;
I can't get them up, I can't get the

Merrily sang the trumpets at reveille the next morning; the "sun up" gun boomed and crashed; the storm flag crept slowly up the halliards, and it was Christmas at Fort Blinker.

It was still snowing and storming when the children came trooping to the play room, an hour later, for much to nurse's mystification, they had insisted upon hanging their stockings in the chimney of "the enchanted fire place."

"But you always hang them in your own old of their intentions.

Jack, who had a room of his own he alled "the den," smiled in a superior manner as he replied: "You don't understand, nurse," and calmly proceeded to carry out his program.

Now, any one who has ever spent Christmas in an army fort, and particularly in one away out on the western plains, will tell you that Santa Claus is there seen at his best. From the colonel to the smallest drummer boy in the command, everybody toys and gifts, and strange to say, even the "bad boys" are not entirely forgotten.

The soldiers' barracks are decorated with evergreens and cedar; the tables groan with turkeys, wild deer and all sorts of good things, and in the stables below there is an horses and mules.

I could never begin to tell you what Jack and Dorothy received, so I shall not try, but one thing I had almost forgotten; in the bottom of Dorothy's stocking they found the following note: "Don't forget tonight.

Which puzzled them greatly until Jack suddenly realized that K. K. must mean "King Just as the retreat gun thundered forth good-night to the setting sun Dorothy

and Jack crept into the play room; no!se-

lessly closed the door securely behind them and then, standing directly in front of the cheerful fire in the hearth, counted: "One, two, three." Suddenly, as if by magic (and for all I know it may have been) the entire fire dis-appeared from view and they saw a beautiful field of green grass stretching away in front of them dotted with trees, in whose branches myriads of birds were singing,

tle with towers and battlements reaching up, and up, as if they would touch the very sky above them. "Isn't it beautiful," whispered Dorothy. "Oh, Jack, isn't it beautiful?" "Do you suppose it belongs to his maj-

esty?" asked the ever practical boy. "It must be his summer place, Dorothy." Just then one of the birds began to sing: "Cuckoo, cuckoo: ' Who are you? Who are you?"
"I'm Jack Marston," said the boy, boldly, "and this is my sister Dorothy."
"And I know King Cole," added Dorothy,

gaining courage from Jack. At this speech one of the windows in the castle opened and a big, gigantic head, covered with a huge steel helmet, glared at them savagely and shouted:

"Call the king! Call the king!
Let the loud alarm bells ring!
Mortals two are in our land,
See how boldly there they stand.
Call the king! Call the King!
Let the loud alarm bell ring!" "I think we had better leave," said Dor-

othy. Come, brother. But Jack, wisely surmising that the king would see no harm done them, only smiled. "Don't worry, sister," he said, reassuringly, "his majesty will be here in a little

Even as he spoke the alarm bells began to ring, the door in the castle flew open and "Old King Cole" stood before them. This time they noticed that he was clad in a long white flowing robe, white knee breeches, red silk stockings and white canvas shoes. In his hand he carried his longstemmed pipe, while his beautiful golden crown was balanced jauntily on one side of his head.

flock," he shouted, "it's the kids," and then, correcting himself, said, with a bright nod toward Dorothy, "I mean the children." "Good evening, Sir King," replied Dorothy, with a graceful little curtsey, while Jack bowed in the usual awkward way boys gen-"Bon jour! Bon jour!" said his majesty, then hastily added, "Excuse my

"By the headless gander of the flying

"Do you speak French, Sir King?" asked Dorothy. "Oul, oul," answered the monarch.

"Comment vous portez vous," this from Jack, who wished to impress the king. "Tres-bien, tres-bien," replied his majes-ty, but as he pronounced it "tress beans" ty, but as he pronounced it tress beans both children laughed heartily.

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared the king, "did I make another joke?" but before they could answer him a most unsuspected thing oc-

The big head in the castle again popped out of the window and began to roar. "Blow the water, lay the dust, Room for his majesty, Rajumrust."

"Excuse me just a moment," said King Cole to the children, hurrying into the "a friend of mine." Presently he returned bringing with him one of the most graceful looking figures mortal eyes had ever beheld. He was a trifle shorter than King Cole, but his figure was so symmetrical, or, as Jack would have said, "so well put together," that he seemed to overtop him a number of inches. He had a long white flowing beard, deep blue eyes, and was garbed in a most attractive robe of all the colors of the rainbow. He wore a crown made of some dull white metals in the center of which were white metal, in the center of which was a stone or setting that shone more brilliantly than all the diamonds of the world put together, and which the children afterward learned was the "Great North Star." "Your majesty," said King Cole with a dignity of manner the children had not one moment imagined he possessed, "these are

"And, children," and here King Cole turned toward them, "this is his majesty the Great Rajumrust, otherwise known as "THE KING OF THE CLOUDS." (To be continued.)

my little friends I spoke of, Dorothy and

The Captain's Monkey.

"Three-six-nine-ten! Ten sous (one cent) and that's all! I shall have but a poor dinner today. Not that I mind being hungry. I'm used to it; but if I get too weak to follow my trade, what's to become of me What, indeed? Too many men in France

were asking themselves the same question just then, for the very same reason; for in the days of King Louis XIV nine people out of ten, through the whole kingdom, could not even get enough to eat, and this man himself was one of the unlucky nine. As he sat there on a bench in one of the parks on the outskirts of Paris one look at him was enough to show that he was neither prosperous nor happy. His still young and handsome face was begginning to look sadly pinched and pale, and his clothes,

though as neat and clean as ceaseless care could make them, were woefully threadbare. Nor was this to be wondered at. Driven out of England by his enemies like many another man in that troubled age, poor Captain Stuppa (an Italian by blood though an Englishman by birth) could find nothing better to do in Paris than to teach fencing at a small military school, where he was so poorly paid that he often found

it hard work to keep himself alive at all.

The poor captain's dinner that day consisted of a very small allowance of coarse, black bread, and, the evening being fine, he came back to his bench to eat it. The scanty meal was more than half finished, when a queer chattering noise be-side him made the exile look up, and he

saw a small gray monkey (with a broken cord trailing behind it, as if it had escaped from being tied up), eyeing hungrily the piece of bread in his hand. Every crumb was precious to the starving man, but, having himself felt the gnawing of hunger so often and so keenly, he could not resist the mute pleading of those hollow, wistful

"There's none too much for one, my friend," said he, "but an old soldier is ooms, dearies," said Nurse Eliza, when first I never too poor to share with a comrade. Take that, and welcome

And he threw a morsel of bread, and then another, to the famished beast, which snapped them up with a ravenous eagerness that told its own story.
When the captain rose to go, his new

friend made a movement as if to follow him. Stuppa waved it impatiently back but the monkey stretched out black paw appealingly, and looked wist fully up in his face. The soldier's kind heart melted at the supplicating gesture and at the sight of the bruises and sores with which the poor beast was covered, and swinging it up on to his shoulder, he is remembered. There is a huge Christmas said cheerily: "Come along, then, comrade, and we will share whatever fortune it may please God to send us."

The next day he was asked to dinner by The next day he was asked to diffile by the father of one of his pupils (a rare thing indeed with the poor captain), and thus had a few cents left to buy bread for Jean—not Jacky—as he had named his Jean-not Jacky-as he had named his new pet. Nor was this all. Seeing the school servant about to throw away an old extra allowance of grain for Uncle Sam's blue uniform jacket which one of the lads had cast off, our hero begged it of him and made from it, with the handiness of an old soldier, a complete French uniform for his monkey, cap and all! This done, Stuppa began to teach the

four-handed soldier to go through his drill and to obey all the military words of com-mand, which Jacky picked up with wonderful quickness. This occupation and the feeling of having something to protect and care for so completely drew away the captain's attention from his own troubles that he began to look quite a different man. and Jacky himself, having at last found some one to be good to him after being so long starved and ill-used, was as happy as the day is long. Nor did the consequences of the good

fellow's charity end even here. The soldier monkey, accompanying Capt. Stuppa in all his walks, of course attracted a great deal of attention in a town swarming with the king's officers, many of whom branches myriads of birds were singing, while overhead the sky was shimmering and glowing with a thousand stars. Off to the right there stood an old-fashioned castit hampened more than one that the task was shimmering of giving half a dollar, or even more, to see Jacky go through his drill. In fact, it hampened more than one that the it happened more than once that the captain gained more in one day by exhibiting his monkey's clever performance than he could earn at the fencing school in a whole week, and so in this way things began to go much better than before, both with the master and the pupil.

Now, toward the end of that summer it befell that the military school where Stuppa was employed was closed for a whole day in honor of some great festival, and the captain made up his mind to spend this holiday in taking Jacky for a good long walk in the country. Off they set accordingly directly after breakfast. Jacky looked quite gay in his

full uniform (of which he had now got to be vastly proud), with the brightly painted toy musket which he used in his per-formances, and the captain, who had acformances, and the captain, who had actually saved up enough money by this fime to buy himself a new suit of clothes, looked quite as smart as his chum.

Away, away they went, out of the city and far beyond it, halting only for a cup of milk and a piece of bread at a little roadside inn. Then on, on, on again, till they were both covered with dust and much

they were both covered with dust and much warmer than was at all pleasant, and at length, as the sun got higher and higher, Stuppa turned off along a path that led into the heart of a great wood, which seemed delightfully cool and shady after the hot, glaring, dusty high road.

Here the captain heated himself under a tree and took out some bread and cheese, which he shared with his four-pawed comrade, who was perched beside him as usual. "Now, my lad!" cried Stuppa, as the meal ended, "here's a good place for you to parade, and show that you haven't forgotten your drill. Halt! Shoulder arms.' And Jacky shouldered his tiny musket,

with quite the air of a veteran grenadier. "New, Jacky, present arms for the king!" The monkey soldier at once obeyed the or-

"Now, my lad, present arms for the Jacky did so, and his master was just

about to give him some fresh order, when he was startled by a little tinkling laugh just behind him, and, turning sharply round, beheld a richly dressed lady, with a very sweet, though rather sad face, watching the scene with an air of quiet amuse-"You have a well-trained recruit there,

monsleur," said she, with a graceful bend of her head, which Captain Stuppa answered with a bow, worthy any court in Europe. "Salute, comrade!" said he to Jacky;

and the monkey instantly made a military salute with which the strictest drill ser-geant could not have found fault. "I see you have taught your 'comrade' manners as well as musket drill," went on the unknown lady, smiling. "May I venture to ask who you are?"
"An old soldier, madam," answered the

captain, bowing again, "with whom fortune has dealt somewhat hardly—yet not so hardly, thank God, but what I am able to elp one more distressed than myself. And he stroked the monkey, which had perched itself on his shoulder again. "A clever little creature, upone my word," said the lady. "If you are disposed to sell it, monsieur, I can offer you a good price for

I cannot consent to sell may only friend, madam, replied the solder somewhat stiff-ly, as if he felt hurt by the suggestion." "but if he be worth a lady's acceptance, you are welcome to him as adree gift. The lady looked fixedly at him at his last words, as if they had given her a new idea of who and what he was. But before she had any time to make any reply, a group of finely dressed gentlemen came trooping out from among the trees, with swords by

their sides, and their plumed hats in their hands. "We ask your majesty's pardon," said the foremost man, bowing low, "for being so late in rejoining you."
"Majesty?" echoed the startled captain. "Have I, then, the honor "

"Of offering your pet monkey to the Queen of France," said his new acquaintance, laughing pleasantly, "I accept the offer, but as I cannot bear to part two such firm friends, I take you into my service from this day for the said that you may ice from this day forth; and, that you may not be separated from your pet, one of your chief duties shall be to take charge of him."

And the queen was as good as her word. DAVID KER. My Sweetheart.

Cheeks of rose, tip-tilted nose, Golden, curly head. Do I love this damsel fair? Truly, dearly, I declare.

Blue her eyes as summer skies,

Lips like cherries red;

Florians Fables. THE CANARIES AND THE GOLDFINCH. From the French of Jean-Pierre Clarisse Florian Translated by E. R. Perrot,

A great bird fancier once there was, of old, Who wished the birds' peculiar ways unfold; So with canaries' eggs, in one same nest, A finch's egg he slyly placed, as test.

The dame canary, mother of the brood, Was more affectionate than she was shrewd. She took no notice of the trick, And every egg turned out a chick. The little stranger, once out of the shell, Was, like the other children, treated well; No more, no less, the tenderness was shown To him than if he were by blood their own.

Reclining, dozing, chirping through the day; At night beneath the mother's wing he lay, Reposing, soothed by slumber's lulling sway. Each little one 'lke weeds grew fast, And all became big birds at last; With plumage all of brightest hue, Save finch's coat, which darker grew But all the same, he thought himself

Couched in the same soft bed,

And with the same food fed;

As fine as any other elf. His foster-brothers thought the same, So did the good old dame: For such conceit is always shown With those our love presumes to own. One day a certain jealous goldfinch came along And said: "Tis time, good friend, you found out

where you're wrong, And know to what race you belong; As those for whom such great love you confess Are not at all your kin, as they profess.

You are the offspring, you'll find out, Of goldfinch race, there is no doubt. Canary, why! you ne'er could be; Your color's that of fawn, bless me! Your head is scarlet, and your beak" . . . Oh, yes!" said birdie, "you may speak, I have whate'er you please; But, sir, be you at ease;

I have not an ungrateful soul; And long as I my heart control I'll ever cherish those whose cares Have ministered to my tender years. If by my feathers' hue I'm net their kin, Perhaps a pity 'tis, but 'tis no sin. But what is more deserving of all praise My conscience, neither theirs, our trust betrays. You say no kindred ties bind me to them, Yet does their love to me your words conder Knew you there's nought so true as what our soul reveal.

And for a bird-or other sires-whose heart can A benefactor is, I claim.

A father by another name." HOW TO MAKE A TOY.

Profitable Amusement for a Restless Child in Vacation Hours. From the Woman's Home Companion.

In vacation time a restless child may be amused and profit, too, by constructing a home-made top. Perhaps mother will be called to aid in this, but she may feel repaid for her assistance. The following instruction for making a tin-can locomotive which is very simple, is given: The boiler of the locomotive is a baking

powder can; the rear wheels are covers of | ting through both circles; the points of inthe same; the cab is an oblong tin box; the smokestack is a spool, and the forward wheel is another spool. Cut along the lower edge of the tin box only, and turn up the tin for three-fourths of an inch and at right angles to the plane of the box. Bore two holes in the sides of the cab for the knitting needle axle. Bore a hole in the center of wheels, slip the axle through the holes in the cab, slide the wheels over the ends of this, and fasten securely to the axie. Fasten the boiler to the cab, resting the back of it on the turned-up tin. Fasten two pleces of cardboard to the forward part of the boiler and bore a hole through the lower ends of these. Plug the holes of the spool to be used as the front wheels with wood, place between the cardboard strips and stick ordinary pins through the holes in the strips and in the center of the

plugs for axles. The headlight is supported on a square of cardboard fastened to the boiler. Carefully fasten a piece of elastic in position as follows: Tie one end around the center of the axle inside the cab, pass the loose end through the long, narrow opening in the lower part of the cab, and fasten it with plenty of sealing wax to the front end of the boiler. The elastic should be as long as from the front of the boiler to the axle. An elastic band cut in two at one end or a number of small elastic bands tied together will answer admirably. To set the locomotive in motion turn the tin wheels backward until quite a lot of the clastic is wound up on the axle, then, holding the wheels firmly, set the locomotive on the floor, when it will travel for a distance of twenty-five feet or more. Cars are made of match boxes.

A Walking Fern. From Country Life in America

Most ferns are confirmed travelers. New fern leaves grow out from the underground roots some distance away from the old plant. The average observer scarcely notices this, but there is a native fern that steps off at so lively a pace that its odd habit has long furnished one of the unceasing entertainments of the woods. The walking fern often carpets ledges and tops of shaded rocks. The slender, tufted leaf fronds are singularly unfernlike in appearance. They squirm about and "walk" by declining their taper tips to the soil and taking root there and growing. In time clusters of new leaf fronds spring from such rooted tips. By and by some of these too, bite the earth and, taking root, start still other colonies, which in turn will con tinue the progress again and again. Naturally, with the lapse of time, the connection between the older tufts and the young er becomes broken, yet one sometimes finds series of three or four linked together, representing as many steps in the pretty

A Functual Bird.

From Country Life in America. What tempts the little humming bird that we see in our gardens to travel every spring from near the equator to as far north as the arctic circle, leaving behind him, as he does, for a season, many tropical delights? He is the only one of many humming birds that pluckily leaves the land of gayly colored birds to go into voluntary exile in the north, east of the Mississippi. How it stirs the imagination to picture the solitary, tiny migrant, a mere atom of bird life, moving above the range of human sight through the vast dome of the sky. Borne swiftly onward by rapidly vibrating little wings, he covers the thousands of miles between he covers the thousands of miles between his winter home and his summer one by easy stages and arrives at his chosen des-tination, weather permitting, at approxi-mately the same date year after year.

Blooms the Year Round. Milwaukee Sentinel. A horticulturist mentions a plant of the

primrose family, Primula obconica, as the only one that can be had in flower all the only one that can be had in flower all, the year round. A large pot of this plant has flowered continuously for five years. The flowers are abundant, and were originally of a pale illac, but have recently improved, not only in size, but in variety of color, white and many shades of illac and plak rose being now obtainable. The cut flowers are pleasing for house decoration, while keeping fresh a long time in water. The plant thrives out of doors in summer, but requires hothouse protection in winter. The one objectionable quality is that both flow-She's my sweetheart, don't you see?

One objectionable quality is that both flowers and leaves poison the skin of some individuals.

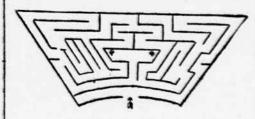
One objectionable quality is that both flowers and leaves poison the skin of some individuals.

REVERSED WORDS.

Done by putting the first letter last.

A Maze or Labyrinth.

This maze is a correct ground plan of one in the gardens of the Palace of Hampton Court. No legendry tale is attached to it of which we are aware, but its labyrinthine walks occasion much amusement for the numerous holiday parties who frequent the palace grounds. The partitions between the walks are of clipped hornbeam, and are

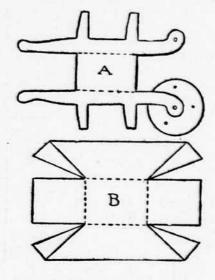


Puzzle Maze.

about five feet in height. The puzzle is to get to the center, where seats are placed under two lofty trees, and many are the disappointments experienced before the end is attained; and even then the trouble is not over, it being quite as difficult to get out as

Modeling a Toy Wheelbarrow.

A toy wheelbarrow may be constructed with very little trouble. The upper and lower parts of the wheelbarrow are to be formed in separate pieces, and then glued

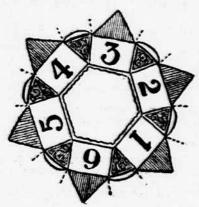


Wheelbarrow Diagram.

together; the annexed diagrams show how they may be cut out. The circle of card forming the wheel may have a peg of wood passed through its center to serve as an axle. (See diagrams a and b.)

A Tee-Totum.

The tee-totum is one of the numerous toys that may be formed of cardboard. A hexagon is to be constructed within the of two concentric circles, and pencil lines are to be drawn from each point of the figure to the next point but one, cut-



Tee-Totum Diagram.

tersection in the outer circles are then to be joined by straight lines. Our diagram exhibits the complete figure, with the triangular pieces that are left for gluing. The lower side of the tee-totum is to be formed of a separate hexagon of cardboard, the spindle may be made of wool or ivory.

A benevolent lady is anxious to remove

Cures for Warts. From the London Truth.

warts from the hands of my readers or from the teats of their cows. She says that this may be done by the application of a little dripping from toasted bacon, and she can produce a witness-not a cow, but a maid servant-who has got rid of about thirty warts by this homely, if oleaginous, treatment. I suppose I owe this useful information to a recent paragraph in Truth describing a process invented by an enterprising Dutchman for removing warts by tying knots in a string of worsted and then surreptitiously burying the string. Probably both remedies are equally efficaciousif you believe in them. In my young days a favorite remedy was to procure a metal basin and wash the hands in moonshine: and moonshine seems to be the basis of all the prescriptions that I have come across since.

THE BUSY BEE.

It Improves the Shining Hour, but Will Not Fight for Home. From Harper's Magazine

The bee, essentially so pacific, so long-

suffering, the bee which never stings (unless you crush her) when looting among the flowers, once she has returned to her kingdom with the waxen monuments, retains her mild and tolerant character, or grows aggressive and deadly dangerous, according to whether her maternal city be opulent or poor. Here again, as often happens when we study the manners of this spirited and mysterious little people, the provisions of human logic are utterly at fault. It would be natural that the bees should defend desperately treasures so laboriously amassed, a city such as we find in good apiaries, where the nectar, overflowing the numberless cells that represent thousands of casks piled from cellar to garret, streams in golden stalactites along the rustling walls and sends far afield, in glad response to the ephemeral perfumes of calvees that are opening, the more lasting perfume of the honey that keeps alive the memory of calyces that time has closed. Now this is

The richer their abode the less eagerness they display to fight around it. Open or turn over a wealthy hive; if you take care o drive the sentries from the entrance with a puff of smoke, it will be extremely rare for the other bees to contend with you for the liquid booty conquered from the smiles, from all the charms of the beautiful azure months. Try the experiment; I promise you impunity, if you touch only the heavlest hives. You can turn them over and handle them; those throbbing flagons are perfectly harmless. What does it mean? Have the fierce amazons lost courage? Has abundance unnerved them, and have they, after the manner of the too fortunate inhabitants of luxurious towns, delegated the dangerous duties to the unhappy mercenaries that keep watch at the gates? No it has never been observed that the great-est good fortune relaxes the valor of the On the contrary, the more the republic prospers the more harshly and severely are its laws applied, and the worker in a hive where superfluity accumulates labors much more zealously and much more pitilessly than her sister in an indigent hive.

not the case.

There are other reasons which we cannot wholly fathom, but which are likely reasons, if only we take into account the wild interpretation that the poor bee must place on our inordinate doings. Seeing suddealy her huge dwelling place upheaved, over-turned, half opened, she probably imagines that an inevitable, a natural catastrophe is occurring, against which it were mad-ness to struggle. She no longer resists, but neither does she flee. Admitting the ruin, it looks as though already, in her instinct, she saw the future dwelling that she hopes to build with the materials of the gutted town. She leaves the present defenseless to save the hereafter. Or else, perhaps, does she, like the dog in the fable-"the dog that carried his master's er round his neck"-knowing that all is irreparably lost, prefer to die taking her share of the pillage, and to pass from life to death in one prodigious orgy? We do not know for certain. How should we penetrate the motives of the bee, when those of the simplest actions of our brothers are

ARMLESS BOY'S JOURNEY.

He Has Made It Across the Country From East to Far West.

beyond our ken?

From the Tacoma Ledger. With both arms off at the shoulders, Frank McIntire, a seventeen-year-old boy, has made his way across the American continent, practically without funds. Mc-Intire and another boy, Frank Brown, giving his age as sixteen years, but appearing somewhat younger, were arraigned in the police court on the charge of vagrancy. Capt. Wiley said he had found them on the street the night before and had locked them up more for safe keeping than any-

thing else. McIntire was almost as short of speech as he was of arms, but in answer to numerious inquiries told a story to the effect that he had come from the eastern part of Pennsylvania, and was trying to get to Portland, where he had a sister and brother living. He left his home in Portland to visit his old home in Pennsylvania three years ago, not being at that time a cripple. He secured work in Pennsylvania, and

staid there until his present trip.

The accident which left him in suc ha terribly crippled condition occurred last January, when, in walking over a railroad crossing at night, he was run down by the switch engine and both arms crushed, am-putation at the shoulders being necessary. Seven weeks ago, in company with his cousin, Frank Brown, and with but few dollars in cash, he started to beat his way on the trains back to Portland. His companion helped him into box cars and other vantage points, and with the assistance naturally rendered a cripple they had reached this far without mishap. He said they could get to Portland all right, and the judge allowed them to go their way. The boy's plight and his remarkable jour ncy of nearly 4,000 miles by beating his way were the subject of many compassionate remarks among the court

tors and the judge after adjournment.

So we'll go instead in a railroad ---. ILLUSTRATED VERSE PUZZLE. (1.) Here and there and everywhere,

Climbing, running, frisking; On the (2), in the (3), Round the (4) whisking. (5) seems forever flitting, (6) and (7) scold and laugh; Now she's in the (8) sitting; Let me take her (9). The illustrations are: 1, kitty; 2, table; 3,

a chair; 4, a parlor; 5, kitty; 6, maids; 7, mistress; 8, basket; 9, photograph taking. REBUILT WORDS. Strike out one letter from the first word

and rearrange and get second, and so on, 1. 1, a vegetable; 2, gems; 3, a weapon; 4. vegetables; 5, an animal; 6, a parent; 7, 2. 1, a vegetable; 2, a strain; 3, a country in Europe; 4, an arch; 5, sap; 6, like; 7, a vowel.

CONDENSED WORDS 3. Skal. Example—Smip. Mississippi can be formed



Answer to Scripture double acrostic: 1-R abb I. 2-A Mo S. 3-C assa R. 4-H oshe A. 5-E pistl E. 6-L emue L. Charade 1-The moon. Charade 2-The Conundrum-1. A pillow. 2. Because it turns night into day. 3. Because the weary

traveler there finds rest. Uprights-Left, Buffaio; right,, New York. Rounds-1. Uncle. 2. Fairy. 3. Liver. Beheadings:

A. F-air. B. M-end. C. T-hen. D. d-ace. E. P-rice. F. C-hill. Pled sciences: A. Electricity. B. Magnetism. C. Physics. D. Natural. Dessicated proverbs:

A. Forbear boasting of what you can do.

B. Never cross a bridge until you come to

Drop-letter verse:

Who couldn't count further than ten; So when she got through With the numbers she knew, She just began over again.

THE TRAVELERS Reverse an animal and get something Said Polly and Molly and Bobby and -We're afraid we will drown if we go in